

A Little GIRL Lost

Children of the future Age,
Reading this indignant page:
Know that in a former time,
Love, sweet Love! was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,
Free from winters cold;
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair
Filled with softest care,
Met in garden bright,
Where the holy light,
Had just ramou'd the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,
On the grass they play:
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet
They agree to meet,
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heavens deep;
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror shook.

O'er, pale and weak!
To thy father speak!
O the trembling fear!
O the dismal care!
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary

NURSES' Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And whisp'ring are in the dale;
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Our spring & your day are wasted in play,
And your winter and night in disguise.

